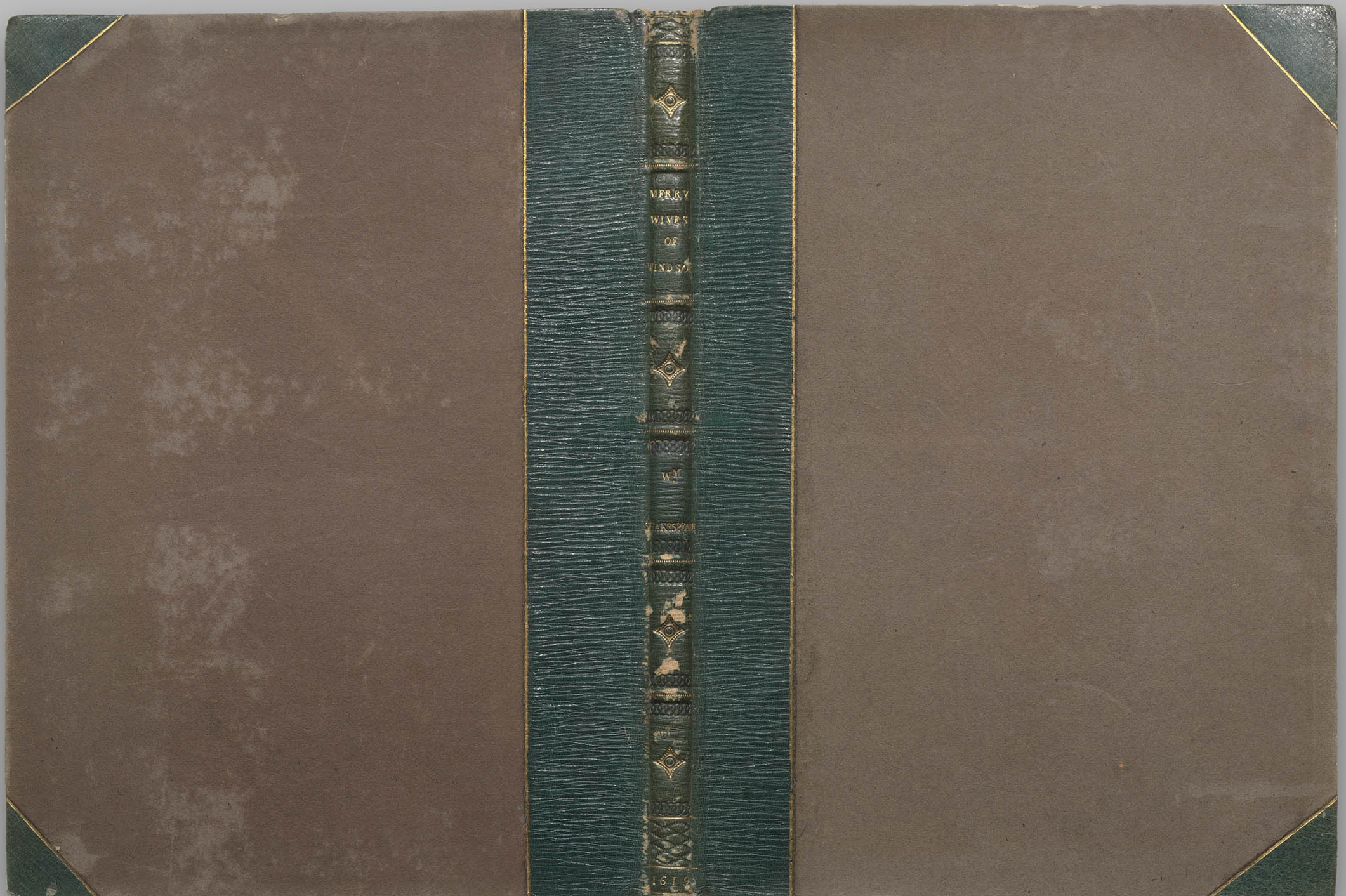
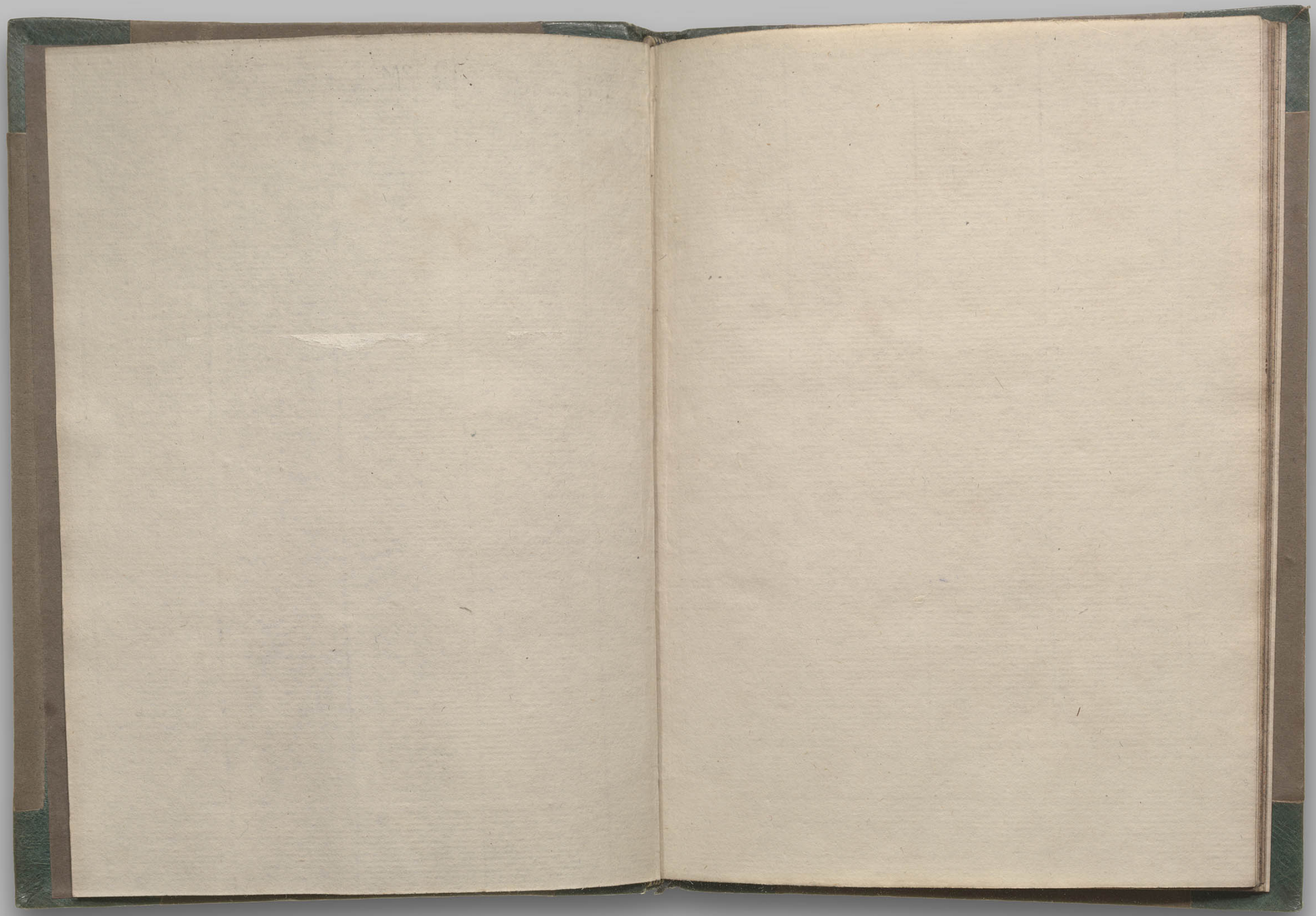
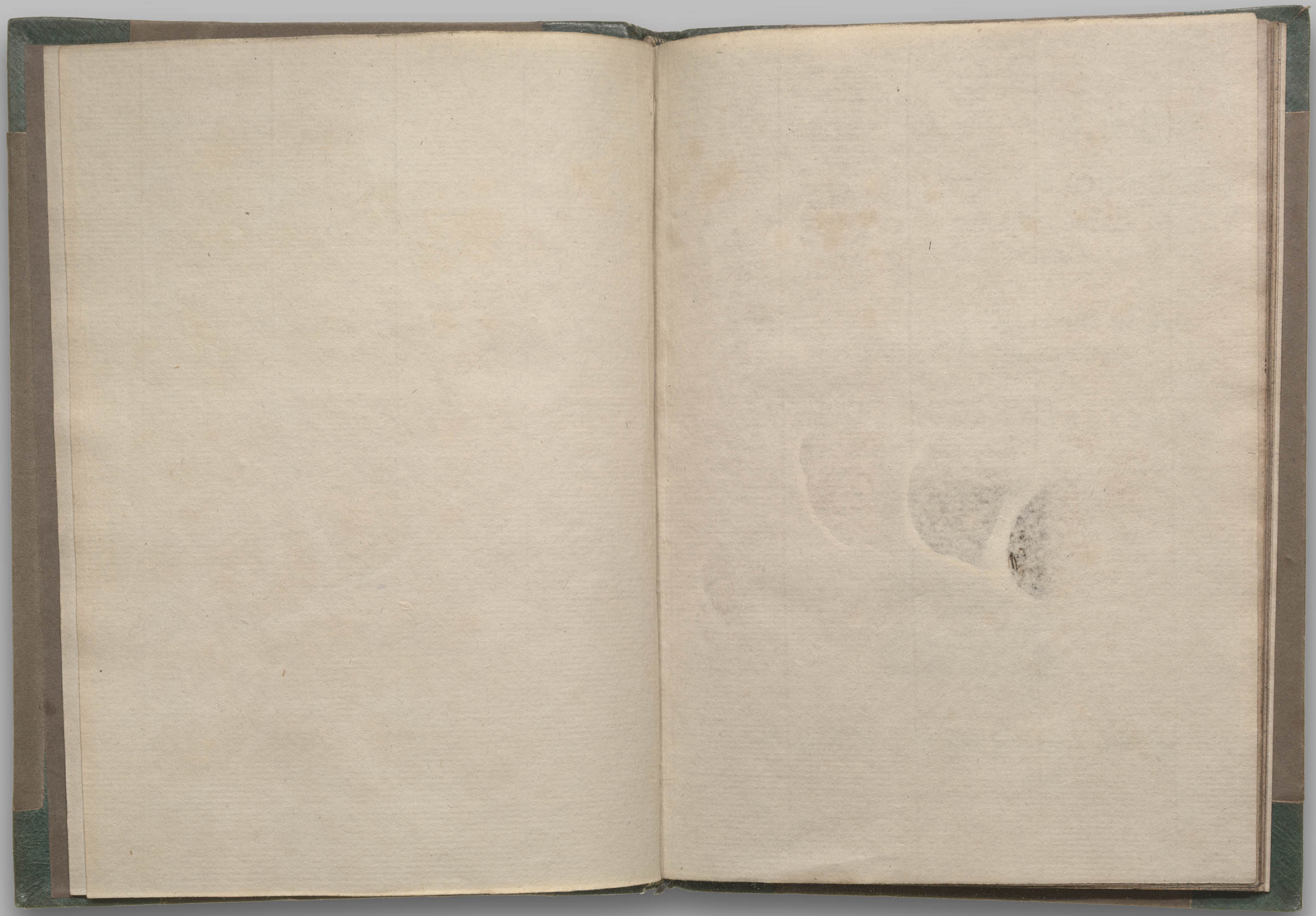

MERRY
WIVES
OF
WINDSOR
WM.
SHAKESPEARE
1619

498

Iohannes Patricius
Drichton Stuart
Marchio Bothæ.

House of Falkland.





A

Moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy,

of Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and the merry VViues of VVindſor.

VVith the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*.

Written by W. SHAKESPEARE.

Printed for *Arthur Johnſon*, 1619.

A Pleaſant conceited Comedie of Sir IOHN FALSTAFFE, *and the merry wiues of VVindſor.*

Enter Iuſtice Shallow, Sir Hugh, Maſter Page, and Slender.

Shal. Nere talke to me, Ile make a ſtar-chamber matter of it.
The Councell ſhall know it.
Page. Nay good M. *Shallow* be perſwaded by me.
Slen. Nay ſurely my Vnckle ſhall not put it vp ſo.
Sir Hugh. Will you not heare reaſons, M. *Slender?*
You ſhould heare reaſons.
Shal. Though he be a Knight, he ſhall not thinke to carry it ſo away.
Maſter *Page* I will not be wronged. For you
Sir, I loue you, and for my couſin,
He comes to looke vpon your daughter.
Pag. And heeres my hand, and if my daughter
Like him ſo well as I, wee'l quickly haue't a match:
In the meane time let me entreate you to ſoiourne
Heere a while: and on my life
Ile vndertake to make you friends.
Sir Hugh. I pray you M. *Shallow* let it be ſo.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

The matter is put to arbitarments.
The first man is Master *Page*, videlicet Master *Page*.
The second is my selfe, videlicet my selfe.
The third and last man, is mine host of the Garter.

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, Pistoll, Bardolffe, and Nym.

Heere is sir *Iohn* himselfe now, looke you.
Fal. Now M. *Shallow*, you'l complaine of me to the Councell, I heare.
Shal. Sir *Iohn*, sir *Iohn*, you haue hurt my Keeper,
Kild my dogs, stolne my Deere.
Fal. But not kissed your keepers daughter.
Shal. Well, this shall be answered.
Fal. Ile answer it strait. I haue done all this.
This is now answered.
Shal. Well, the Councell shall know it.
Fal. Twere better for you twere knowne in counsell.
You'l be laught at.
Sir Hugh. Good vrdes sir *Iohn*, good vrdes.
Fal. Good vrdes, good Cabedge.
Slender I brake your head,
What matter haue you against me?
Slen. I haue matter in my head against you and your cogging companions, *Pistoll* and *Nym*. They carried me to the Tauerne, and made me drunke, and afterward pickt my pocket.
Fal. What say you to this *Pistoll*, did you picke Master *Slenders* purse, *Pistoll*?
Slen. I by this handkercher did he. Two faire shouelboord

boord shillings, beside seuen groats in mill sixpences.
Fal. What say you to this, *Pistoll*?
Pist. Sir *Iohn* and Master mine, I combate craue
Of this same laten bilbo. I do retort the lie
Euen in thy gorge, thy gorge, thy gorge.
Slen. By this light it was he then.
Nym. Sir, my honor is not for many words,
But if you run bace humors of me,
I will say marry trap. And there's the humor of it.
Fal. You heare these matters denide gentlemen,
You heare it.

Enter Mistresse Ford, Mistresse Page, and her Daughter Anne.

Pag. No more now,
I thinke it be almost dinner time,
For my wife is come to meete vs.
Fal. Mistresse *Foord*, I thinke your name is,
If I mistake not.
Sir Iohn kisses her.
Mis. For. Your mistake sir is nothing but in the Mistresse. But my husbands name is *Foord* sir.
Fal. I shall desire your more acquaintance.
The like of you, good Mistris *Page*.
Mis. Page. With all my heart sir *Iohn*.
Come husband, will you goe?
Dinner staies for vs.
Pa. With all my heart, come along Gentlemen.
Exit all but Slender and Mistresse Anne.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Anne. Now forsooth, why do you stay me?
What would you with me?

Slen. Nay, for my owne part, I would little or nothing with you. I loue you well, and my Vncle can tell you how my liuing stands. And if you can loue me, why so. If not, why then happy man bee his dole.

Anne. You say well, Master *Slender*.
But first you must giue me leaue
To be acquainted with your humor,
And afterward to loue you if I can.

Slen. Why by God theres neuer a man in Christendome can desire more. What, haue you Beares in your Towne, Mistresse *Anne*, your dogs barke so?

Anne. I cannot tell Master *Slender*, I think there be.

Slen. Ha, how say you? I warrant y'are afeard of a Beare let loose, are you not?

Anne. Yes trust me.

Slen. Now that's meate and drinke to me,
Ile run to a Beare, and take her by the muzzle,
You neuer saw the like.
But indeed I cannot blame you,
For they are maruellous rough things.

Anne. Will you go in to dinner, Master *Slender*?
The meate stayes for you.

Slen. No faith, not I, I thanke you,
I cannot abide the smell of hot meate
Nere since I broke my shin. Ile tell you how it came
By my troth. A Fencer and I plaid three venies
For a dish of stewd pruines, and I with my ward
Defending my head, he hit my shin: yes faith.

Enter

Enter Master Page.

Page. Come, come Master *Slender*, dinner staies for you.

Slen. I can eate no meate I thanke you.

Page. You shall not chuse, I say.

Slen. Ile follow you sir, pray leade the way.
Nay by God Mistris *Anne*, you shall go first,
I haue more manners then so, I hope.

Anne. Well sir, I will not be troublesome.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple from dinner.

Sir Hugh. Harke you *Simple*, pray you beare this letter to Doctor *Cayus* house, the French Doctor. He is twell vp along the streete, and enquire of his house for one Mistris *Quickly*, his woman, or his try Nurse, and deliuer this Letter to her, it is about M. *Slender*. Looke you, will you do it now?

Sim. I warrant you sir.

Sir Hugh. Pray you do, I must not be absent at the grace.
I will go make an end of my dinner,
There is pepions and cheese behinde.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffes Host of the Garter, Nym, Bardolfe, Pistoll, and the boy.

Fal. Mine Host of the Garter.

Host.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Host. What saies my bully Rooke?
Speake schollerly and wisely.
Fal. Mine Host, I must turne away some of my followers.
Host. Discard bully, *Hercules* cashire.
Let them wag, trot, trot.
Fal. I sit at ten pound a weeke.
Host. Thou art an Emperor *Cæsar*, *Phesser* and *Kesar* bully.
Ile entertaine *Bardolfe*. He shall tap, he shall draw.
Said I well, bully *Hector*?
Fal. Do good mine Host.
Host. I haue spoke. Let him follow. *Bardolfe*,
Let me see thee froth, and lyme.
I am at a word. Follow, follow.
Exit Host.

Fal. Do *Bardolfe*, a Tapster is a good trade,
An old Cloake will make a new Ierkin,
A withered seruingman, a fresh Tapster:
Follow him *Bardolfe*.
Bar. I will sir, Ile warrant you Ile make a good shift to liue.
Exit Bardolfe.

Pist. O base gongarian wight, wilt thou the Spicket weeld?
Nym. His minde is not heroick. And there's the humor of it.
Fal. Well my Laddes, I am almost out at the heeles.
Pist. Why then let cybes ensue.
Nym. I thanke thee for that humor.

Fal.

Falstaffe. Well, I am glad I am so rid of this tinder boy.
His stealth was too open, his filching was like
An vnskilfull singer, he kept not time.
Nym. The good humour is to steale at a minutes rest.
Pist. Tis so indeed *Nym*, thou hast hit it right.
Falstaffe. Wel, afore God I must cheate, I must conycatch.
Which of you knowes *Foord* of this Towne?
Pist. I ken the wight, he is of substance good.
Fal. Well my honest Lads, Ile tell you what I am about.
Pist. Two yards and more.
Fal. No gibes now *Pistoll*; indeed I am two yards
In the waste, but now I am about no waste:
Briefly, I am about thrift you rogues you,
I do intend to make loue to *Foords* wife,
I espy entertainment in her. She carues, she
Discourses, she giues the lyre of inuitation,
And euery part to be construed rightly is, I am
Sir *Iohn Falstaffes*.
Pist. Hee hath studied her well, out of honesty into English.
Fal. Now the report goes,
She hath all the rule of her husbands purse.
She hath Legions of Angels.
Pist. As many diuels attend her.
And to her boy say I.
Fal. Heeres a Letter to her. Heeres another to Mistresse *Page*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Who euen now gaue me good eyes too, examined my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, with the beames of her beauty, that it ſeemed as ſhee would a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Heere is another Letter to her, ſhe beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Foord*. And thou this to Miſtreſſe *Page*. Wee'l thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword weare ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here, take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Heere ſirra, beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my Pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, avant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
Falſtaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

Exit Falſtaffe and the boy.

Piſ. And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, baſe Phrygian Turke,

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Piſ. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Piſ. By wit, or ſword?

Nym. With both the humors I will diſcloſe this loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And theres the humor of it.

Piſ. And I to *Foord* will likewiſe tell
How *Falſtaffe* varlet vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let's about it then.

Piſ. Ile ſecond thee: ſir Corporall *Nym* troope on.

Exit omnes

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly, and Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Maſters name ſay you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quick. How ſay you. I take it he is ſomwhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my Maſters beard is kane coloured.

Quic. Kane colour, you ſay well.
And is this Letter from ſir *Yon*, about Miſtris *Anne*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So, and your Maſter would haue me as it were to ſpeake to Miſtris *Anne* concerning him: I promiſe you my Maſter hath a great affectioned minde to Miſtreſſe *Anne* himſelfe. And if he ſhould know that I ſhould as they ſay, giue my verdit for any one but him ſelfe, I ſhould heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith, you are a good ſtay to him.

Quic. Am I? I if you knew all you'd ſay ſo:
Waſhing, Brewing, Baking, al goes throgh my hands,
Or elſe it would be but a woe houſe.

Sim. I beſhrew me, one woman to do all this,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Is very painfull.

Quick. Are you aduis'd of that? I, I warrant you,
Take all, and pay all, all goe through my hands,
And he is such an honest man, if he should chance
To come and finde a man heere, we should
Haue no hoe with him. Hee's a parlous man.

Sim. Is he indeed?

Quic. Is he, quoth you? God keepe him abroad:
Lord blesse me, who knocks there?
For Gods sake step into the Counting-house,
While I goe see who's at the doore.

He steps into the Counting-house.

What *Iohn Rugby Iohn*,
Are you come sir, already?

She opens the doore.

Doct. I be-gar I be forget my oyntment,
Where be *Iohn Rugby*?

Enter Iohn.

Rug. Heere sir, do you call?

Doct. I you be *Iohn Rugby*, and you be *Iacke Rugby*,
Goe run vp met your heeles, and bring away
De oyntment in de vindoe present:
Make haste *Iohn Rugby*. O I am almost forgot
My simples in a box in de Counting-house:
O Ieshu vat be here, a deuella, a deuilla?
My Rapier *Iohn Rugby*; vat be you, vat make
You in my Counting-house?
I tincke you be a teefe.

Quick. Ieshu blesse me, we are all vndone.

Sim. O Lord sir no: I am no theefe,
I am a Seruingman.

My name is *Iohn Simple*, I brought a Letter sir
From my M. *Slender*, about mistris *Anne Page*
Sir: Indeed that is my comming.

Doct. I be-gar is dat all? *Iohn Rugby* giue a ma Pen an
Incke: tarche vn pettit tarche a little.

The Doctor writes.

Sim. O God what a furious man is this?

Quick. Nay it is well he is no worse:
I am glad he is so quiet.

Doc. Here, giue that same to sir *Hu*, it ber ve chalenge
Be-gar tell him I will cut his nase, will you?

Sim. I sir, Ile tell him so.

Doc. Dat be vell, my Rapier *Iohn Rugby*, follow may.

Exit Doctor.

Quick. Well my friend, I cannot tarry,
Tell your Master Ile do what I can for him,
And so farewell.

Sim. Marry will I, I am glad I am got hence.

Exit omnes.

Enter Mistresse Page, reading of a Letter.

M. Pa. Mistris *Page* I loue you. Aske me no reason,
Because they'r impossible to alledge. You are faire,
And I am fat. You loue sacke, so do I:
As I am sure I haue no mind but to loue,
So I know you haue no hart but to grant
A soldior doth not vse many words, wher he knowes
A letter may serue for a sentence. I loue you,
And so I leaue you.

Yours, Sir Iohn Falstaffe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Now Ieſu bleſſe me, am I metaphorphoſed?
I think I know not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods name
doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes at my
honeſty? Well, but that I know my owne heart, I
ſhould ſcarſely perſwade my ſelfe I were hand. Why
what an vnreaſonable woolſacke is this? He was ne-
uer but twice in my company, and if then I thought I
gaue ſuch aſſurance with my eyes, Ide pull them out,
they ſhould neuer ſee more holy-daies. Well, I ſhall
truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for his ſake. O god,
that I knew how to be reuenged of him. But in good
time, heeres Miſtris *Foord*.

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ.For. How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?
Miſ.Pag. O woman, I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſuch a caſe
in my life.
Miſ.Foord. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?
Miſ.Pa. With one that ſweares he loues me,
And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe:
I prethee looke on that Letter.
Miſ.For. Ile match your letter iuſt with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Onely the name
Of Miſtreſſe *Page*, and Miſtreſſe *Foord* diſagrees:
Do me the kindneſſe to looke vpon this.
Miſ.Pa. Why this is right my Letter.
O moſt notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquity is this?
Let's be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

Miſ.

Miſ.For. Reuenged, if we liue wee'l be reuenged.
O Lord, if my husband ſhould ſee this Letter,
Ifaith this would euen giue edge to his Iealouſie.

Enter Foord, Page, Piſtoll, and Nym.

Miſ.Pa. See where our husbands are,
Mine's as far from Iealouſie,
As I am from wronging him.
Piſ.Foord, the words I ſpeake are forc'ſt:
Beware, take heed, for *Falſtaffe* loues thy wife;
When *Piſtoll* lyes, do this.
Foord. Why ſir, my wife is not young.
Piſ. He wooes both yong & old, both rich & poore,
None comes amiſſe. I ſay he loues thy wife:
Faire warning do I giue, take heed,
For ſummer comes, and Cuckoo birds appeare;
Page beleeue him what he ſes. Away ſir corporal *Nym*.

Exit Piſtoll.

Nym. Sir, the humour of it is, he loues your wife,
I ſhould haue borne the humor Letter to her:
I ſpeake, and I auouch tis true: My name is *Nym*.
Farwell, I loue not the humour of bread and cheeſe,
And there's the humour of it. *Exit Nym.*
Page. The humor of it, quoth you;
Heeres a fellow frites humor out of his wits.
Miſ.Pa. How now ſweete hart, how doſt thou?

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Pa. How now man? how do you Miſtris *Foord*?
Miſ.Foord. Well I thanke you good M. *Page*.
How now husband, how chance thou art ſo melan-
choly?
Foord. Melancholy, I am not melancholy.

Goe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Goe get you in, goe.
Mis.Ford. God saue me, see who yonder is,
Wee'l set her a worke in this businesse.
Mis.Pa. O shee'l serue excellent.
Now you come to see my daughter *Anne* Ime sure.
Quic. I forsooth that's my comming.
Mis.Pa. Come goe in with me. Come Mis. *Ford.*
Mis.For. I follow you, Mistresse *Page.*
Exit Mi.Ford, Mi.Page, and Quickly.
For. M. *Page*, did you heare what these fellows said.
Pa. Yes Master *Ford*, what of that sir?
For. Do you thinke it is true that they told vs?
Pag. No by my troth do I not,
I rather take them to be paltry lying knaues,
Such as rather speake of enuy,
Then of any certainty they haue
Of any thing. And for the Knight, perhaps
He hath spoke merrily, as the fashion of fat men
Are: But should he loue my wife,
Ifaith Ide turne her loose to him:
And what he got more of her,
Then ill lookes, and shrewd words,
Why let me beare the penalty of it.
For. Nay I do not mistrust my wife,
Yet Ide be loth to turne them together,
A man may be too confident.
Enter Host and Shallow.
Pa Heere comes my ramping Host of the Garter,
There's eyther licker in his head, or mony in his purse,
That he lookes so merrily. Now mine Host.
Host. God blesse you my bully rooks, God bles you.

Caualera

Caualera Iustice I say.
Shal. At hand mine host, at hand M. *Ford*, god den t'e
God den an twenty good M. *Page.*
I tell you sir we haue sport in hand.
Host. Tell him caualira Iustice; tell him bully rooke.
Ford. Mine Host of the Garter.
Host. What saies my bully rooke?
Ford. A word with you sir.
Ford and the Host talkes.
Sh. Harke you sir, Ile tell you what the sport shalbe
Doctor *Cayus* and sir *Hugh* are to fight,
My merry Host hath had the measuring
Of their weapons, and hath appointed them
Contrary places. Harke in your eare.
Host. Hast thou no shute against my Knight,
My guest, my Caualera.
For. None I protest: But tell him
My name is *Brooke*, onely for a iest.
Host. Thy hand bully; thou shalt
Haue egres and regres, and thy
Name shall be *Brooke*: Sed I well bully Hector?
Shal. I tell you what M. *Page*, I beleeue
The Doctor is no iester, hee'l lay it on:
For though we be Iustices and Doctors,
And Church-men, yet we are
The sonnes of women M. *Page.*
Page. True Master *Shallow.*
Shal. It will be found so Master *Page.*
Pa. Master *Shallow*, you your selfe
Haue beene a great fighter,
Though now a man of peace.

Shal.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Shal: M. *Page*, I haue seene the day that yong
Tall fellowes with their stroke and their passado,
I haue made them trudge Master *Page*,
A tis the heart, the heart doth all:
I haue seene the day, with my two hand sword
I would a made you foure tall Fencers
Scipped like Rats.

Host: Here boyes, shall we wag, shall we wag?

Shal. Ha with you mine host.

Exit Host and Shallow.

Page: Come M. *Ford*, shall we to dinner?
I know these fellowes sticks in your minde.

For: No in good sadnesse, not in mine:
Yet for all this Ile try it further,
I will not leaue it so:
Come M. *Page*, shall we to dinner?

Page. With all my heart sir, Ile follow you.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn and Pistoll.

Fal: Ile not lend thee a peny.

Pistoll: I will retort the sum in equipage.

Fal: Not a peny: I haue bin content you should lay my countenance to pawne: I haue grated vppon my good friends for three repriues, for you and your Coach-fellow *Nym*, else you might haue looked thorough a grate like a geminy of Baboones. I am damned in hel for swearing to Gentlemen y'are good soldiers and tall fellowes: And when mistris *Bridget* lost the handle of her Fan, I tooke it on my honesty thou hadst it not.

Pistoll: Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteene pence?

Fal: Reason you rogue, reason.
Dost thou thinke Ile endanger my soule gratis?
In briefe, hang no more about me, I am no gybite for you. A short knife and a throng to your manner of pickt-hatch, goe. You'l not beare a Letter for me you rogue you: you stand vpon your honour. Why thou vnconfinable basenesse thou, tis as much as I can doe to keepe the termes of my honor precise. I, I my selfe somtimes, leauing the feare of God on the left hand, am faine to shuffle, to filch and to lurch. And yet you stand vpon your honour, you rogue: you, you.

Pistoll: I do recant, what wouldst thou more of man?

Fal: Well, go too, away, no more.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic: Good you god den sir.

Fal: Good den faire wife.

Quic: Not so ant like your worship.

Fal: Faire maid then.

Quic: That I am Ile be sworne, as my Mother was
The first houre I was borne.
Sir, I would speake with you in priuate.

Fal: Say on I prethee, heeres none but my owne houshold.

Quic: Are they so? Now God blesse them, & make them his seruants.
Sir, I come from Mistris *Foord*.

Fal: So, from mistris *Foord*. Goe on.

Quic: I sir, she hath sent me to you to let you
Vnderstand she hath receiued your Letter,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

And I tell you, she is one that stands on her credit.

Fal. Well, come Mistris *Ford*, Mistris *Ford*.

Quic. I sir, and as they say, she is not the first
Hath bene led in a fooles paradice.

Fal. Nay prethee be briefe, my good she *Mercury*

Quic. Marry sir, shee'd haue you meete her
Betweene eight and nine.

Fal. So, betweene eight and nine.

Qu. I forsooth, for then her husband goes a birding

Fal. Well, commend me to thy Mistris, tell her
I will not faile her: Boy, giue her my purse.

Quic. Nay sir, I haue another errant to do to you,
From Mistris *Page*.

Fal. From Mistris *Page*? I prethee what of her?

Qu. By my troth I think you work by inchantments.
Else could they neuer loue you as they do.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction
Of my good parts aside, I vse no other inchantments.

Quick. Well sir, she loues you extremely,
And let me tell you, shee's one that feares God,
And her husband giues her leaue to do all:
For he is not halfe so iealous as M. *Ford* is.

Fal. But hark thee, hath mistris *Page* & mistris *Ford*
Acquainted each other how dearely they loue me?

Quic. O God no sir; there were a iest indeed.

Fal. Well farwell, commend me to Mistris *Foord*,
I will not faile her say.

Quic. God be with your Worship.

Exit Mistresse Quickly.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, heeres a Gentleman,

One M. *Brooke* would speake with you,
He hath sent you a cup of sacke.

Fal. M. *Brooke*, hee's welcome, bid him come vp,
Such *Brookes* are alwaies welcome to me:
A *Iacke*, will thy old body yet hold out?
Wilt thou after the expence of so much money,
Be now a gayner? Good booty I thanke thee,
And ile make more of thee then I haue done:
Ha, ha, mistris *Ford*, and mistris *Page*, haue
I caught you ath the hip? go too.

Enter Ford disguised like Brooke.

For. God saue you sir.

Fal. And you too, would you speake with me?

For. Marry would I sir, I am somewhat bold
To trouble you. My name is *Brooke*.

Fal. Good M. *Brooke*, y'are very welcome.

For. Ifaith sir Ime a gentleman and a traueller,
That haue seene somewhat. And I haue often heard
That if mony goes before, all waies lye open.

Fal. Mony is a good souldior sir, and will on.

For. Ifaith sir, and I haue a bag here,
Would you would helpe me to beare it.

Fal. O Lord, would I could tell how to deserue
To be your Porter.

For. That may you easily sir *Iohn*: I haue an earnest
Sute to you. But good sir *Iohn*, when I haue
Told you my griefe, cast one eye of your owne
Estate, since your selfe knew what tis to be
Such an offender.

Fal. Very well sir, proceed.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

For: Sir, I am deeply in loue with one *Fords* wife
of this towne. Now sir *Iohn* you are a gentleman of
good discoursing, well beloued among Ladies, a man
of such parts that might win twenty such as she.

Fal: Oh good sir.

For: Nay beleeue it sir *Iohn*, for tis time.
Now my loue is so grounded vpon her,
That without her loue I shall hardly liue.

Fal: Haue you importuned her by any meanes?

Foord: No, neuer sir.

Fal: Of what quality is your loue then?

Foord: Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation.

Fal: And to what end haue you vnfolded this to me

For: O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you all:
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state
Of her honesty, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detection, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that shee'l stand vpon.

Fal: Why would it apply well to the veruensie of
your affection,
That another should possesse what you wold enioy?
Me-thinks you prescribe very preposterously to your
selfe.

For: No sir, for by that means should I be certain
of that which I now misdoubt. (mony,

Fal: Wel M. *Brook*, Ile first make bold with your
Next giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall
If you will, enioy *Foords* Wife.

Ford:

Foord. Oh good sir.

Fal. Master *Brooke*, I say you shall.

For. Want no mony Sir *Iohn*, you shal want none.

Fal. Want no mistris *Foord*, master *Brooke*,
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go betweene parted from me;
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meete her
Betweene eight and nine, for at that time the iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband will be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know
How I speed, M. *Brooke*.

Ford. Sir, do you know *Foord*? (not,

Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know him
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of Angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauoured,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cukally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.

Foord. Me-thinks sir it were good that you knew
Foord, that you might shun him.

Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: it shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lye with his wife. Master *Brooke*,
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night. *Exit Falstaffe.*

Foord. What a damned Epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:

Page.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Page is an Asse, a foole, a secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our Parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walke my ambling gelding, then my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinks in her heart she may effect,
Shee'l breake her heart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well, Ile go preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minute too late,
Gods my life, cuckold, cuckold. *Exit Ford.*

Enter the Doctor and his man.

Doct. *Iohn Rugby*, go look met your eyes ore de stal,
And spie and you can see the Parson.

Rug. Sir, I cannot tell whether he be there or no,
But I see a gteat many comming.

Doct. Bully moy, mon rapier *Iohn Rugby*, be-gar de
Herring be not so dead as I shall make him.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, and Slender.

Page. God saue you M. Doctor *Cayus*.

Shal. How do you Master Doctor?

Ho. God blesse thee my bully doctor, God bles thee.

Doct. Vat be all you, Van to tree come for a?

Host. Bully to see thee fight, to see thee foine, to see thee trauerse, to see thee heere, to see thee there, to see thee passe the punto: the stocke, the reuerse, the distance, the montnce is a dead my francoyes? Is a dead my Ethiopian? Ha, what saies my gallon? my Escuolapis? Is a dead bullies taile, is a dead?

Doct.

Doct. Be-gar de preest be a coward Iacke knaue,
He dare not shew his face.

Host. Thou art a castallian King, Vrinall.
Hector of Greece my boy.

Shal. He hath shewne himselfe the wiser man, M. Doctor.
Sir *Hugh* is a Parson, and you a Physition. You must
Goe with me, M. Doctor. (water.

Host. Pardon bully Iustice. A word mounsir mock-

Doct. Mockwater, vat be dat?

Host. That is in our English tongue, Vallor bully, vallor.

Doct. Be-gar den I haue as mockuater as de Inglish, Iacke dog, knaue.

Host. He will claperclaw thee titely bully.

Doct. Claperclaw, vat be dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Doct. Begar I do looke he shall claperclaw me den,
And Ile prouoke him to do it, or let him wag:
And moreouer bully, but M. *Page* and M. *Shallow*,
And eke Caualera *Slender*, goe you all ouer the fields
to Frogmore.

Pa. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; go see what humor he is in,
Ile bring the Doctor about by the fields;
Will it do well?

Shal. We will do it my Host. Farwell M. Doctor.

Exit all but the Host and Doctor.

Doct. Be-gar I will kill de cowardly Iack preest,
He is make a foole of moy.

Host. Let him die, but first sheath your impatience,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Throw cold water on your collor, come go with me
Through the fields to *Frogmore*, and Ile bring thee
Where Miſtris *Anne Page* is feaſting at a farm houſe,
And thou ſhalt wear her cried game: ſed I well bully
Doct. Begar excellent vel: and if you ſpeake pour
moy, I ſhall procure you de gueſts of all de gentlemē
mon patients. I be-gar I ſall.
Hoſt. For the which Ile be thine aduerſary
To Miſtris *Anne Page*: Sed I well?
Doct. I be-gar, excellent.
Hoſt. Let vs wag then.
Doct. Alon, alon, alon.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Hugh and Simple.

Sir Hu. I pray you do ſo much as ſee if you can eſpy
Doctor *Cayus* comming, and giue me intelligence,
Or bring me vrde if you pleaſe now.
Sim. I will ſir.
Sir Hu. Ieſhu ples me, how my hart trobes & trobes
And then ſhe made him bedes of Roſes,
And a thouſand fragrant poſes,
To ſhallow riuers. Now ſo kad vdge me, my hart
Swels more and more. Me-thinks I can cry
Very well. There dwelt a man in *Babylon*,
To ſhallow riuers and to falles,
Melodious birds ſing Madrigalles.
Sim. Sir, here is M. *Page*, and M. *Shallow*,
Comming hither as faſt as they can.
Sir Hu. Then it is very neceſſary I put vp my ſword,
Pray giue me my cowne too, marke you.

Enter

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Pa. God ſaue you Sir *Hugh*.
Shal. God ſaue you M. Parſon.
Sir Hu. God ples you all frō his mercies ſake now.
Page. What, the word and the ſword, doth that a-
gree well?
Sir Hugh. There is reaſons and cauſes in all things,
I warrant you now.
Page. Well ſir *Hugh*, we are come to craue
Your helpe and furtherance in a matter.
Sir Hugh. What is it I pray you?
Page. Ifaith tis this ſir *Hugh*. There is an auncient
friend of ours, a man of very good ſort, ſo at ods with
one patience, that I am ſure you would hartily grieue
to ſee him. Now ſir *Hugh*, you are a ſcholler well red,
and very perſwaſiue, we would entreate you to ſee if
you could intreate him to patience.
Sir Hugh. I pray you who is it? Let vs know that.
Page. Ime ſure you know him, tis Doctor *Cayus*.
Sir Hug. I had as leeue you ſhould tell mee of a
meſſe of porredge,
He is an arrant lowſie beggerly knaue:
And he is a coward beſide.
Page. Why Ile lay my life tis the man
That he ſhould fight withall.

Enter Doctor and the Hoſt, they offer to fight.

Shal. Keep them aſunder, take away their weapons.
Hoſt. Diſarme, let them queſtion.
Shal. Let them keepe their limbes hole, and hacke
our Engliſh.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Doct. Harke van vrd in your eare: you be vn daga
And de Iack coward Preest.

Sir Hugh. Harke you, let vs not be laughing stockes to other mens humors. By Ieshu I will knock your vrinals about your knaues coxcomb, for missing your meetings and appointments.

Doct. O Ieshu, mine Host of the Garter, *Iohn Rugby*,
Haue not I met him at de place he make apoint,
Haue I not?

Sir Hu. So kad vdge me, this is the pointment place,
Witnesse by my Host of the Garter.

Ho. Peace I say *gawle* and *Gawlia*, *French* and *Welch*,
Soule-curer and body-curer.

Doct. This be very braue, excellent.

Host. Peace I say, heare mine host of the garter,
Am I wise? am I politicke? am I Matchauill?
Shal I lose my Doctor? No, he giues me the motions
And the potions. Shal I lose my Parson, my sir *Hugh*?
No, he giues me the prouerbs, and the nouerbs:
Giue me thy hand terestiall,
So giue me thy hand celestiall:
So boyes of Art I haue deceiu'd you both,
I haue directed you to wrong places,
Your hearts are mighty, your skins are whole,
Bardolfe, lay their swords to pawne.
Follow me Lads of peace, follow me.
Ha, ra, la. Follow. *Exit Host.*

Shal. Afore God a mad host, còme let's goe.

Doct. I be-gar, haue you mocka may thus?
I will be euen met you my Iack Host.

Sir Hugh. Giue me your hand Doctor *Cayus*,

We be all friends:
But for mine hosts foolish knauery, let me alone.

Doct. I dat be vell begar, I be friends.

Exit omnes.

Enter Master Foord.

For. The time drawes on he shold come to my house
Well wife, you had best worke closely,
Or I am like to goe beyond your cunning:
I now will seeke my guests that come to dinner,
And in good time, see where they all are come.

Enter Shallow, Page, Host, Slender, Doctor, and sir Hugh.

By my faith a knot well met: y'are welcome all.

Page. I thanke you good M. *Foord*.

For. Welcome good M *Page*.
I would your daughter were here.

Page. I thanke you sir, she is very well at home.

Slen. Father *Page*, I hope I haue your consent
For Mistris *Anne*.

Pag. You haue sonne *Slender*, but my wife here,
Is altogether for Master Doctor.

Doct. Be-gar I tanke her heartily.

Host. But what say you to yong master *Fenton*?
He capers, he dances, he writes verses, he smels
All Aprill and May: he will cary it, he will carit,
Tis in his betmes he will carite.

Pa. My host not with my consent:
The gentleman is wilde, he knowes too much:
If he take her, let him take her simply;
For my goods goes with my liking;

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

And my liking goes not that way.

For. Well, I pray go home with me to dinner:
Beſides your cheare, Ile ſhew you wonders:
Ile ſhew you a monſter. You ſhall go with me
M. *Page*, and ſo ſhall you ſir *Hugh*,
And you Maſter Doctor. (two

Sir Hu. If there be one in the company, I ſhall make

Doct. And dere be ven two, I ſall make de tird.

Sir Hugh. In your teeth for ſhame.

Shal. Well, well, God be with you, we ſhall haue the fairer wooing at M. *Pages*.

Exit Shallow and Slender.

Hoſt. Ile to my honeſt Knight ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe*,
And drinke Canary with him. *Exit Hoſt.*

For. I may chance to make him drink in pipe wine,
Firſt come gentlemen. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord, with two of her men, and a great Buck-basket.

Miſ. For. Sirra, if your M. aske you whither
You carry this basket, ſay to the Landerers,
I hope you know how to beſtow it.

Ser. I warrant you Miſtris. *Exit Seruant.*

Miſ. For. Go get you in. Well ſir *Iohn*,
I beleeue I ſhall ſerue you ſuch a tricke,
You ſhall haue little minde to come againe.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Fal. Haue I caught my heauenly Iewell?
Why now let me dye. I haue liued long enough,
This is the happy houre I haue deſired to ſee,

Now

Now ſhall I ſin in my wiſh,
I would thy husband were dead.

Miſ. For. Why how then ſir *Iohn*?

Fal. By the Lord, Ide make thee my Lady.

Miſ. For. Alaſſe ſir *Iohn*, I ſhould be a very ſimple Lady.

Fal. Goe too, I ſee how thy eye doth emulate the Diamond.
And how the arched bent of thy brow
Would become the ſhip tire, the tire vellet,
Or any venetian attire, I ſee it.

M: For. A plaine kercher ſir *Iohn* would fit me better.

Fal. By the Lord thou art a traitor to ſay ſo:
What made me loue thee? Let that perſwade thee
There's ſome-what extraordinary in thee:
Goe too, I loue thee:
Miſtris *Foord*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate,
Like one of theſe fellowes that ſmels like
Bucklers-bery, in ſimple time,
But I loue thee, and none but thee.

M: For. Sir *Iohn*, I am afraid you loue Miſtris *Page*.

Fal. I, thou mightſt as well ſay
I loue to walke by the Counter-gate,
Which is as hatefull to me
As the reake of a lime kill.

Enter Miſtreſſe Page.

M: Page. Miſtris *Ford*, miſtris *Ford*, where are you?

M: For. O Lord ſtep aſide good ſir *Iohn*.

Falſtaffe ſtands behinde the Arras.

How now Miſtris *Page*, what's the matter?

Miſ.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Mis.Pa. Why your husband woman is coming,
With halfe *Windsor* at his heeles,
To looke for a gentleman, that he saies
Is hid in this house: his wifes sweet-heart.
Mis.For. Speake louder. But I hope tis not true Mistris *Page*.
Mis.Pa. Tis too true woman. Therefore if you haue any heere, away with him, or y'are vndone for euer.
Mi.For. Alasse Mistris *Page*, what shall I do?
Heeres a gentleman my Friend, how shall I do?
Mis.Page. Gods body woman, do not stand what shall I do, and what shall I do. Better any shift, rather then you shamed. Looke here, heere's a Buck-basket, if he be a man of any reasonable size, hee'l in heere.
Mis.For. Alasse, I feare he is to big.
Fal. Let me see, let me see, Ile in, Ile in,
Follow your friends counsell.
Mis.Page. Fie sir *Iohn*, is this your loue? Go too.
Fal. I loue thee, and none but thee:
Helpe me to conuey me hence,
Ile neuer come heere more.

Sir Iohn goes into the Basket, they put cloathes ouer him, the two men carries it away: Foord meetes it, and all the rest, Page, Doctor, Priest, Slender, Shallow.

Ford. Come pray along, you shall see all.
How now who goes heere? Whither goes this?
Whither goes it? set it downe.
Mis.Ford. Now let it go, you had best meddle with buck-washing.

Foord.

Ford. Buck, good bucke, pray come along,
Master *Page*, take my keyes: helpe to search.
Good Sir *Hugh* pray come along, helpe a little,
A little, ile shew you all.
Sir Hu. By Iesu these are iealousies & distempers.

Exit omnes.

Mis:Page. He is in a pittifull taking.
Mis:Foord. I wonder what he thought
When my husband bad them set downe the basket.
Mis:Page. Hang him dishonest slaue, we cannot vse
Him bad enough. This is excellent for your
Husbands iealousie.
Mis:For. Alas poore soule, it grieues me at the hart,
But this will be a meanes to make him cease
His iealous fits, if *Falstaffes* loue increase.
M:Page. Nay we will send to *Falstaffe* once againe,
Tis great pitty we should leaue him so:
What, wiues may be merry, and yet honest too.
M:For. Shall we be condemnd because we laugh?
Tis old, but true; still sowes eate all the draffe.

Enter all.

M:Pa. Here comes your husband, stand aside.
For. I can finde no body within, it may be he lyed.
Mis:Page. Did you heare that?
Mis: Ford. I, I, peace.
For. Well, ile not let it go so, yet ile try further.
Sir Hu. By Iesu if there be any body in the kitchin
Or the Cuberts, or the Presse, or the Buttery,
I am an arrant Iew: Now God pleasse me:
You serue me well, do you not?
Page. Fie M. *Ford*, you are too blame.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Mis: Page. Ifaith tis not well M. *Ford* to suspect her thus without a cause.

Doct. No by my trot it be no vell.

For. Well, I pray beare with me, M. *Page* pardon me I suffer for it, I suffer for it.

Sir Hu. You suffer for a bad conscience, look you now

Foord. Well, I pray no more, another time Ile tell you all:

The meane time go dine with me, pardon me wife,
I am sorry; M. *Page*, pray go in to dinner,
Another time Ile tell you all.

Pa. Well let it be so, and to morrow I inuite you all to my house to dinner: and in the morning wee'l a birding, I haue an excellent Hawke for the bush.

Ford. Let it be so: Come M. *Page*, come wife;
I pray you come in all, y'are welcome, pray come in.

Sir Hugh: By so kad vdge me, M. *Foord* is not in his right wits. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Sir Iohn Falstaffe, and Bardolfe.

Fal. Bardolfe, brew me a pottle of sacke presently.

Bar: With Egges sir?

Falstaff. Simply of it selfe, Ile none of these Pullets sperme in my drinke: goe make haste. Haue I liued to be carried in a basket and throwne into the thames like a Barow of butchers offoll. Well, if I be serued such another tricke, Ile giue them leaue to take out my braines and butter them, and giue them to a Dog for a new-yeares gift. Sbloud, the rogues slided me in with as little remorse as if they had gone to drowne a blinde Bitches puppies in the litter: and they might know

know by my size I haue a kinde of alacrity in sinking: if the bottome had bin as deep as hell I should down. I had bene drowned, but that the shore was sheluie and somewhat shallow: a death that I abhorre. For you know the water swels a man: and what a thing should I haue bene when I had bene swelled? By the Lord a mountaine of money. Now is the Sacke brewed?

Bar. I sir, there's a woman below would speak with you.

Fal. Bid her come vp. Let me put some sack among this cold water, for my belly is as cold as if I had swallowed snow-bals for pilles.

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Now what's the newes with you?

Quic. I come from Mistris *Foord* forsooth.

Fal. Mistris *Ford*, I haue had Ford enough,
I haue bene throwne into the Foord,
My belly is full of Foord: she hath tickled me.

Quic. O Lord sir, she is the sorrowfullest woman that her seruants mistooke, that euer liued. And sir, she would desire you of all loues you will meete her once againe, to morrow sir, betweene ten and eleuen, and she hopes to make amends for all.

Fal. Ten and eleuen, saist thou?

Quic. I forsooth.

Fal. Well, tell her Ile meet her. Let her but think
Of mans frailty: Let her iudge what man is,
And then thinke of me. And so farwell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Quic. You'l not faile sir?

Exit Mistris Quickly.

Fal. I will not faile. Commend me to her. I wonder I heare not of M. *Brooke*, I like his Mony well. By the masse heere he is.

Enter Brooke.

Ford: God saue you sir.

Fal. Welcome good M. *Brook*. You come to know how matters goes.

Ford: That's my comming indeed sir *John*.

Fal. Master *Brooke* I will not lye to you sir, I was there at my appointed time.

For. And how sped you sir?

Fal. Very ilfauouredly sir.

For. Why sir, did she change her determination?

Fal: No M. *Brooke*, but you shall heare. After we had kissed and imbraced, and as it were amid the prologue of our encounter, who should come, but the iealous knaue her husband, and a rabble of his companions at his heeles, thither prouoked and instigated by his distemper. And what to do thinke you? to search for his wiues Loue. Euen so, plainly so.

For: While ye were there?

Fal: Whilst I was there.

For: And did he search and could not finde you?

Fal: You shall heare sir, as God would haue it, A little before comes me one *Pages* Wife, Giues her intelligence of her husbands Approch: and by her inuention, and *Fords* wiues Distraction, conueyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal.

Fal. By the Lord a buck-basket, ram'd me in With foule shirts, stockins, greasie napkins, That M. *Brooke*, there was a compound of the most Villanous smell, that euer offended nostrill. Ile tell you M. *Brooke*, by the Lord for your sake I suffered three egregious deaths: First to be Crammed like a good bilbow, in the circumference Of a pack, hilt to point, heele to head: and then to Be stewed in my owne grease like a dutch dish; A man of my kidney; by the Lord it was maruell I escaped suffication; and in the heate of all this, To be throwne into Thames like a horshooe hot: Maister *Brooke*, thinke of that hissing heate, Master *Brooke*.

Foord. Well sir, then my sute is voide, You'l vndertake it no more?

Fal. Master *Brooke*, Ile be throwne into *Etna* As I haue beene in the Thames, Ere thus I leaue her: I haue receiued Another appointment of meeting, Betweene ten and eleuen is the houre.

Ford. Why sir, tis almost ten already.

Fal. Is it? why then will I addresse my selfe For my appointment: M. *Brooke*, come to me Soone at night, and you shall know how I speed, And the end shall be, you shall enioy her loue: You shall cuckold *Foord*: Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford. Is this a dreame? Is it a vision? Master *Ford*, master *Ford*, awake master *Ford*, There is a hole made in your best coat M. *Foord*.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

And a man ſhall not onely endure this wrong,
But ſhall ſtand vnder the taunt of names,
Lucifer is a good name, *Barbaſon* good: good
Diuels names: But cuckold, wittoll, godſo
The diuell himſelfe hath not ſuch a name:
And they may hang hats heere, and napkins heere
Vpon my hornes: Well Ile home, Ile ferit him,
And vnleſſe the diuell himſelfe ſhould aide him,
Ile ſearch vnpoſſible places: Ile about it,
Leaſt I repent too late.

Exit omnes.

Enter M. Fenton, Anne Page, and Miſtreſſe Quickly.

Fen. Tell me ſweet *Nan*, how doſt thou yet reſolue,
Shall fooliſh *Slender* haue thee to his wife?
Or one as wiſe as he, the learned Doctor?
Shall ſuch as they enioy thy maiden heart?
Thou knowſt that I haue alwayes loued thee deare,
And thou haſt oft-times ſwore the like to me.

Anne. Good M. *Fenton*, you may aſſure your ſelfe
My heart is ſetled vpon none but you,
Tis as my Father and Mother pleaſe:
Get their conſent, you quickly ſhall haue mine.

Fen. Thy father thinks I loue thee for his wealth,
Though I muſt needs confeſſe at firſt that drew me,
But ſince thy vertues wiped that traſh away,
I loue thee *Nan*, and ſo deare is it ſet,
That whilſt I liue, I nere ſhall thee forget.

Quick. Gods pitty here comes her father.

Enter M. Page, his wife, M. Shallow, and Slender.

Page. M. *Fenton*, I pray what make you heere?

You

You know my anſwer ſir, ſhee's not for you:
Knowing my vow, too blame you are to vſe me thus.

Fen. Pray heare me ſpeake ſir.

Page. Pray ſir get you gone:
Come hither daughter, Sonne *Slender*
Let me ſpeake with you. *They whiſper.*

Quick. Speake to Miſtris *Page*.

Fen. Pray Miſtris *Page* let me haue your conſent.

Miſ: Pa. Ifaith M. *Fenton* tis as my husband pleaſe,
For my part, Ile neyther hinder you, nor further you.

Quick. How ſay you, this was my doings,
I bad you ſpeake to Miſtris *Page*.

Fen. Here nurſe, theres a brace of angels to drink,
Worke what thou canſt for me, farwell.

Exit Fenton.

Quick. By my troth ſo I will, good hart.

Pa. Come wife, you & I will in, wee'l leaue M. *Slender*
And my daughter to talke together. M. *Shallow*,
You may ſtay ſir if you pleaſe.

Exit Page and his Wife.

Shal: Marry I thanke you for that:
To her couſin, to her.

Slen: Ifaith I know not what to ſay.

Anne. Now M. *Slender*, what's your will?

Slen. Godeſo, there's a leaſt indeed:
Why Miſtris *Anne* I neuer made will yet:
I thanke God I am wiſe enough for that.

Shal. Fie cuſſe fie, thou art not right,
O thou hadſt a Father.

Slen. I had a father Miſtris *Anne*, good Vncle
Tell the Ieſt how my father ſtole the Gooſe out of

The

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

The henloft. All this is nought,
Harke you mistresse *Anne*.

Shal. Hee will make you ioynter of three hundred pound a yeare, he shall make you a Gentlewoman.

Slend. I by God that I will, come cut and longtaile, as good as any is in *Glostershire*, vnder the degree of a Squire.

Anne. O God, how many grosse faults are hid
And couered in three hundred pound a yeate?
Well M. *Slender*, within a day or two ile tell you more

Slen. I thanke you good mistris *Anne*; Vnckle I shal haue her.

Quic. M. *Shallow*, M. *Page* would pray you to come in, and you M. *Slender*, and you mistris *Anne*.

Slend. Well Nurse, if you'l speake for me,
Ile giue you more then Ile talke of.

Exit all but Quickly.

Quic. Indeed I will, Ile speake what I can for you,
But specially for Master *Fenton*,
But specially of all for my Master.
And indeed I will do what I can for them all three.

Exit.

Enter Mistris Foord and her two men.

Mis: For. Do you heare? when your Master comes take vp this basket as you did before, and if your Master bid you set it downe, obey him.

Ser. I will forsooth.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Mis. foord. Sir *Iohn*, welcome.

Fal. What, are you sure of your husband now?

Mis. foord. He is gone a birding sir *Iohn*, & I hope will

will not come yet.

Enter Mistresse Page.

Gods body here is Mistris *Page*,
Step behinde the Arras good sir *Iohn*.

He steps behinde the Arras.

Mis: Pa. Mistris *Foord*, why woman, your husband is in his old vaine againe, hee's comming to search for your sweete-heart, but I am glad he is not here.

Mis: For. O God mistris *Page*, the Knight is here,
What shall I do?

Mis: Pa. Why then y'are vndone woman,
Vnlesse you make some meanes to shift him away.

Mis: For. Alasse I know no meanes,
Vnlesse we put him in the basket againe.

Fal: No Ile come no more in the basket,
Ile creepe vp into the chimney.

Mis: For. There they vse to discharge their fowling peeces.

Fal: Why then Ile go out of doores.

Mis: Pa. Then you are vndone, y'are but a dead man

Fal: For Gods sake deuise any extremity,
Rather then a mischiefe.

Mis: Pa. Alasse I know not what meanes to make,
If there were any womans apparell would fit him,
He might put on a gowne and a muffler,
And so escape.

Mis: For. That's well remembred, my maids Ant *Gillian* of *Brainford*, hath a gowne aboue.

Mis: Pa. And she is altogether as fat as he.

Mis: For. I that will serue him of my word.

Mis: Page. Come goe with me sir *Iohn*,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Ile helpe to dresse you.

Fal. Come for Gods sake, any thing.

Exit Mis: Page, and Sir Iohn.

Enter Foord, Page, Hugh, Shallow, the two men carries the Basket, and Foord meetes it.

For. Come along I pray, you shal know the cause,
How now, whither goe you? Ha, whither go you?
Set downe the Basket you slaue,
You panderly rogue set it downe.

Mis: For. What is the reason that you vse me thus?

For. Come hither, set downe the basket,
Mistris *Foord* the modest woman,
Mistris *Foord* the vertuous woman,
She that hath the iealous foole to her husband,
I mistrust you without cause, do I not?

Mis: For. I God's my record do you,
If you mistrust me in any ill sort.

Foord. Well sed brazen face, hold it out,
You youth in a basket, come out heere,
Pull out the cloathes, search.

Hu. Ieshu ples me, will you pul vp your wiues cloths

Page. Fie M. *Foord*, you are not to go abroad if you be in these fits.

Sir Hugh. So kad vdge me, tis very necessary
He were put in pethlem.

For. M. *Page*, as I am an honest man M. *Page*,
There was one conueyd out of my house here yesterday out of this basket, why may he not be here now?

Mis: For. Mistris *Page*, bring the old woman downe.

For. Olde woman, what olde woman?

Mis: Foord.

Mis: For. Why my maids Ant, *Gillian* of *Brainford.*

For. A witch, haue I not fore-warnd her my house?
Alasse we are simple we, we know not what
Is brought to passe vnder the color of fortune-telling.
Come downe you witch, come downe.

Enter Falstaffe disguised like an olde woman, & Mistris Page with him, Foord beates him, and he runs away.

Away you witch, get you gone.

Hu. By Ieshu I verily thinke she is a witch indeed,
I espied vnder her muffler a great beard.

Foord. Pray come helpe me to search, pray now.

Page. Come, wee'l go for his mindes sake.

Exit omnes.

Mis. For. By my troth he beate him most extremely.

Mis: Pa. I am glad of it, what shall we proceede any further?

Mis: For. No faith, now if you will let vs tell our husbands of it. For mine Ime sure hath almost fretted himselfe to death.

Mis: Pa. Content, come wee'l go tell them all,
And as they agree, so will we proceed. *Exit both.*

Enter Host and Bardolfe.

Bar. Sir, heere be three Gentlemen come from the Duke the stranger sir, would haue your horse.

Host. The Duke, what Duke? let mee speake with the Gentlemen, do they speake English?

Bar. Ile call them to you sir.

Host. No *Bardolfe*, let them alone, Ile sauce them:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

They haue had my house a weeke at command,
I haue turned away my other guests,
They shall haue my horses *Bardolfe*,
They must come off, Ile sawce them. *Exit omnes*

Enter Foord, Page, and their wiues, Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh.

Ford. Well wife, here take my hand, vpon my soule I loue thee dearer then I do my life, and ioy I haue so true and constant wife, my iealousie shall neuer more offend thee.

Mis: For. Sir I am glad, & that which I haue done, Was nothing else but mirth and modesty.

Page. I mistris *Ford*, *Falstaffe* hath all the greefe, And in this knauery my wife was the chiefe.

Mis: Pa. No knauery husband, it was honest mirth.

Hugh. Indeed it was good pastimes and merriments

Mis: Foord. But sweet-heart shall we leaue old *Falstaffe* so?

Mis: Page. O by no meanes, send to him againe.

Page. I do not thinke hee'l come, being so much deceiued.

Foord. Let me alone, Ile to him once againe like *Brooke*, and know his minde whether hee'l come or not.

Page. There must be some plot laide, or hee'l not come.

Mis: Page. Let vs alone for that. Heare my deuice.
Oft haue you heard since *Horne* the Hunter dyed,
That women to affright their little children,
Saies that he walkes in shape of a great stag.

Now for that *Falstaffe* hath bene so deceiued,
As that he dares not venter to the house,
Wee'l send him word to meete vs in the field,
Disguised like *Horne*, with huge hornes on his head,
The houre shalbe iust betweene twelue and one,
And at that time we will meete him both:
Then would I haue you present there at hand,
With little boyes disguised and drest like Fairies,
For to affright fat *Falstaffe* in the woods.
And then to make a period to the iest,
Tell *Falstaffe* all, I thinke this will do best.

Page. Tis excellent, and my daughter *Anne*
Shall like a little Fairy be disguised.

Mis: Page. And in that Maske Ile make the Doctor steale my daughter *Anne*, & ere my husband knowes it, to carry her to Church, and marry her.

Mis: Foord. But who will buy the silkes to tyre the boyes?

Page. That will I do, and in a robe of white
Ile cloathe my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,
And vnknowne to my wife, shall marry her.

Hu: So kad vdge me the deuice is excellent,
I will also be there, and be like a Iackanapes,
And pinch him most cruelly for his lecheries.

Mis: Pa. Why then we are reuenged sufficiently:
First he was carried and throwne in the Thames,
Next beaten well, I me sure you'l witnesse that.

Mis: For. Ile lay my life this makes him nothing fat.

Page. Well, lets about this stratagem, I long
To see deceit deceiu'd, and wrong haue wrong.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

For. Well ſend to *Falſtaffe*, and if he come thither,
Twill make vs ſmile and laugh one month together.

Exit omnes.

Enter Hoſt and Simple.

Ho. What would thou haue boore, what thick-skin?
Speake, breathe, diſcuſſe, ſhort, quick, briefe, ſnap.

Sim. Sir, I am ſent from my M. to ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Hoſt. Sir *Iohn*, there's his Caſtle, his ſtanding-bed,
his trundle-bed, his Chamber is painted about with
the ſtory of the prodigall, freſh and new, goe knocke,
hee'l ſpeake like an Antripophigian to thee:
Knocke I ſay.

Sim. Sir I ſhould ſpeake with an old woman that
went vp into his Chamber.

Hoſt. An old woman, the Knight may be robbed, Ile
call bully Knight, bully ſir *Iohn.* Speake from thy lungs
military: it is thine hoſt, thy Epheſian calles.

Fal. Now mine hoſt. *he ſpeakes aboue.*

Hoſt. Here is a Bohemian tartar bully, tarries the
comming downe of the fat woman: Let her deſcend
bully, let her deſcend, my chambers are honourable,
pah priuaſie, fie.

Fal. Indeed mine Hoſt there was a fat woman with
me, but ſhe is gone.

Enter Sir Iohn.

Sim. Pray ſir, was it not the wiſe woman of *Brain-*
ford?

Fal. Marry was it Muſſelſhel, what would you?

Sim. Marry ſir my Maſter *Slender* ſent me to her,
To know whether one *Nym* that hath his chaine,
Couſened him of it, or no.

Fal.

Fal. I talked with the woman about it.

Sim. And I pray you ſir what ſes ſhe?

Fal. Marry ſhe ſes the very ſame man
That beguiled Maſter *Slender* of his chaine,
Couſened him of it.

Sim. May I be bold to tell my Maſter ſo ſir?

Fal. I Tike, who more bolde.

Sim. I thanke you ſir, I ſhall make my maſter a glad
man at theſe tydings, God be with you ſir. *Exit.*

Hoſt. Thou art clarkly ſir *Iohn*, thou art clarkly,
Was there a wiſe woman with thee?

Fal. Marry was there mine hoſt, one that taught
me more wit then I learned this ſeuen year, and I paid
nothing for it, but was paid for my learning.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. O Lord ſir, couſenage, plaine couſenage.

Hoſt. Why man, where be my horſes?
Where be the Germanes?

Bar. Rid away with your horſes:
After I came beyond Maiden-head,
They flung me in a ſlow of myre, and away they ran.

Enter Doctor.

Doct. Where be my Hoſt de gartir?

Hoſt. O here ſir in perplexity.

Doct. I cannot tell vad be dad,
But be-gar I will tell you van ting,
Dear be a Germane Duke come to de Court,
Has coſened all the Hoſts of *Brainford*,
And *Redding*: be-gar I tell you for good will,
Ha, ha, mine Hoſt, am I euen met you? *Exit.*

Enter

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Enter Sir Hugh.

Sir Hugh. Where is mine Host of the garter?
Now my Host, I would desire you looke you now,
To haue a care of your entertainments,
For there is three sorts of cosen garmombles,
Is cosen all the Host of Maiden-head and Redings,
Now you are an honest man, and a scuruy beggerly
lowsie knaue beside,
And can point wrong places,
I tell you for good will, grate why mine Host.

Exit.

Host. I am cosened *Hugh*, and coy *Bardolfe*,
Sweete Knight assist me, I am cosened. *Exit.*

Fal. Would all the world were cosened for me,
For I am cosened and beaten too,
Well, I neuer prospered since I forswore
My selfe at *Primero*: and my winde
Were but long enough to say my prayers,
Ide repent, now from whence come you?

Enter Mistresse Quickly.

Quic. From the two parties forsooth.

Fal. The diuell take the one party,
And his dam the other,
And they'l be both bestowed:
I haue endured more for their sakes,
Then man is able to endure.

Quic. O Lord sir, they are the sorrowfulst creatures
That euer liued: specially Mistris *Foord*,
Her husband hath beaten her that she is all
Blacke and blew poore soule.

Fal:

Fal: What tellest me of blacke and blew,
I haue beaten all the colours in the Rainbow,
And in my escape like to haue bin apprehended
For a witch of *Brainford*, and set in the stockes.

Quick. Well sir, she is a sorrowfull woman,
And I hope when you heare my errant,
You'l be perswaded to the contrary.

Fal: Come go with me into my Chamber,
And Ile heare thee. *Exit omnes.*

Enter Host and Fenton.

Host. Speake not to me sir, my minde is heauy,
I haue had a great losse.

Fen. Yet heare me, and as I am a gentleman,
Ile giue you a hundred pound toward your losse.

Host. Well sir Ile heare you, and at least keep your
counsell.

Fen. Then thus my host. Tis not vnknown to you,
The feruent loue I beare to young *Anne Page*,
And mutually her loue againe to me:
But her father still against her choise,
Doth seeke to marry her to foolish *Slender*,
And in a robe of white this night disguised,
Wherein fat *Falstaffe* had a mighty scare,
Must *Slender* take her and carry her to *Catlen*,
And there vnknowne to any, marry her.
Now her mother's still against that match,
And firme for Doctor *Cayus*, in a robe of red
By her deuice, the Doctor must steale her thence,
And she hath giuen consent to goe with him.

Host. Now which meanes she to deceiue,
Father or Mother?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Fen. Both my good Host, to go along with me.
Now here it rests, that you would procure a Priest,
And tarry ready at the appointed place,
To giue our hearts vnited matrimony.

Host. But how will you come to steale her from among them?

Fen. That hath sweete *Nan* and I agreed vpon,
And by a robe of white, the which she weares,
With ribons pendant flaring bout her head,
I shall be sure to know her, and conuey her thence,
And bring her where the priest abides our comming,
And by thy furtherance there be married.

Host. Well, husband your deuice, Ile to the Vicar,
Bring you the maide, you shall not lacke a Priest.

Fen. So shall I euermore be bound vnto thee,
Besides Ile alwayes be thy faithfull friend.

Exit omnes.

Enter Sir Iohn with a Bucks head vpon him.

Fal. This is the third time, well Ile venter,
They say there is good lucke in odde numbers,
Ioue transform'd himselfe into a Bull,
And I am heere a Stag, and I thinke the fattest
In all *Windsor* Forrest: Well, I stand heere
For *Horne* the Hunter, waiting my Does comming.

Enter Mistresse Page and Mistresse Foord.

Mis: Page. Sir *Iohn*, where are you?

Fal. Art thou come my Doe? what & thou too?
Welcome Ladies.

Mis. For. I sir *Iohn*, I see you will not faile,
Therefore you deserue far better then our loues,
But it grieues me for your late crosses.

Fal.

Fal. This makes amends for all.
Come diuide me betweene you, each a hanch,
For my hornes, Ile bequeath them to your husbands,
Do I speake like *Horne* the hunter, ha?

Mis: Pa. God forgiue me, what noise is this?

There is a noise of hornes, the two women run away.
Enter Sir Hugh like a Satyr, and boyes dresst like Fairies, Mistresse Quickly, like the Queene of Fairies: they sing a song about him, and afterward speake.

Qui. You Fayries that do haunt these shady groues
Looke round about the wood if you can espy
A mortall that doth haunt our sacred round:
If such a one you can espy, giue him his due,
And leaue not till you pinch him blacke and blew:
Giue them their charge *Puck* ere they part away.

Sir Hugh. Come hither *Peane*, goe to the Country houses,
And when you finde a slut that lyes asleepe,
And all her dishes foule, and roome vnswept,
With your long nailes pinch her till she cry,
And sweare to mend her sluttish huswifery.

Fai. I warrant you I will performe your will.

Hu. Wher's *Pead*? go you and see wher brokers sleep,
And Fox-eyed Seriants with their Mace,
Goe lay the Proctors in the street,
And pinch the lowsie Seriants face:
Spare none of these when th'are a bed,
But such whose nose lookes blew and red.

Quic. Away be gone, his minde fulfill,
And looke that none of you stand still.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Some do that thing,ſome do this,
All do ſomething,none amis.
Sir Hugh. I ſmell a man of middle earth.
Fal. God bleſſe me from that welch Fairy.
Quic. Looke euery one about this round,
And if that any here be found,
For his preſumption in this place,
Spare neither legge,arme,head,nor face.
Sir Hugh. See I haue ſpied one by good lucke,
His body man, his head a Buck.
Fal. God ſend me good fortune now,and I care not.
Quick. Go ſtrait,and do as I command,
And take a Taper in your hand,
And ſet it to his fingers ends,
And if you ſee it him offends,
And that he ſtarteth at the flame,
Then is he mortall,know his name:
If with an F.it doth begin,
Why then be ſure hee's full of ſinne.
About it then,and know the truth,
Of this ſame metamorphoſed youth.
Sir Hugh. Giue me the Tapers,I will try
And if that he loue venery.

They put the Torches to his fingers,and he ſtarts.
Sir Hugh. Tis right indeed,he is full of lecheries and iniquitie.
Quick. A little diſtant from him ſtand,
And euery one take hand in hand,
And compaſſe him within a ring,
Firſt pinch him well,and after ſing.

Here they pinch him,and ſing about him,and the Doctour comes one way and ſteales away a boy in red. And Slender another way,he takes a boy in greene: And Fenton ſteales Miſtris Anne, beeing in white. And a noiſe of hunting is made within; and all the Fairies run away. Falſtaffe puls off his Bucks head,and riſes vp. And enters M.Page, M.Foord, and their wiues, M. Shallow, Sir Hugh.

Fal: *Horne* the hunter quoth you: am I a ghoſt?
Sblood the Fairies hath made a ghoſt of me:
What, hunting at this time at night?
Ile lay my life the mad Prince of *Wales*
Is ſtealing his fathers Deare.
How now who haue we here, what is all *Windſor* ſtirring? Are you there?
Shal. God ſaue you ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Sir Hugh. God pleſſe you ſir *Iohn*, God pleſſe you.
Page. Why how now ſir *Iohn*, what a paire of horns in your hand?
For. Thoſe horns he meant to place vpon my head,
And M.*Brooke* and he ſhould be the men:
Why how now ſir *Iohn*, why are you thus amazed?
We know the Fairies man that pinched you,
Your throwing in the Thames, your beating well,
And what's to come ſir *Iohn*, that can we tell.
Miſ: Pa. Sir *Iohn* tis thus, your diſhoneſt meanes
To call our credits into queſtion,
Did make vs vndertake to our beſt,
To turne your lewd luſt to a merry ieſt.
Fal. Ieſt, tis well, haue I liued to theſe yeares
To be gulled now, now to be ridden?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

Why then theſe were not Fairies?
Miſ:Page. No ſir *Iohn*, but boyes.
Fal. By the Lord I was twice or thrice in the minde
They were not, and yet the groſeneſſe
Of the foppery perſwaded me they were.
Well, if the fine wits of the Court heare this,
They'l ſo whip me with their keene ieaſts,
That they'l melt me out like tallow,
Drop by drop out of my greaſe. Boyes!
Sir Hu. I truſt me boyes Sir *Iohn*, and
I was alſo a Fairy that did helpe to pinch you.
Fal. I, tis well I am your May-pole,
You haue the ſtart of me,
Am I written too with a welch goate?
With a peece of toaſted cheeſe?
Sir Hugh. Butter is better then cheeſe ſir *Iohn*,
You are all butter, butter.
For. There is a further matter yet ſir *Iohn*,
Ther's 20. pound you borrowed of M. *Brooke* Sir *Iohn*,
And it muſt be paid to M. *Feord* Sir *Iohn*.
Miſ:For. Nay husband let that go to make amends,
Forgiue that ſum, and ſo wee'l all be friends.
For. Well here's my hand, all is forgiuen at laſt.
Fal. It hath coſt me well,
I haue beene well pinched and waſhed.
Enter the Doctor.
Miſ:Pa. Now M. Doctor, ſonne I hope you are.
Doct. Sonne, be-gar you be de ville voman,
Be-gar I tinck to marry metres *Anne*, and begar
Tis a whorſon garſon Iack boy.
Miſ:Page. How, a boy?

Doct.

Doct. I be-gar a boy.
Page. Nay be not angry wife, Ile tell thee true,
It was my plot to deceiue thee ſo:
And by this time your daughter is married
To M. *Slender*, and ſee where he comes.
Enter Slender.
Now ſonne *Slender*, wher'es your Bride?
Slen. Bride, by Gods lyd I thinke there's neuer a man in the worell hath that croſſe fortune that I haue: by God I could cry for very anger.
Page. Why what's the matter ſonne *Slender*?
Slen. Sonne, nay by God I am none of your ſonne.
Page. No, why ſo?
Slen. Why ſo God ſaue me, tis a boy that I haue married.
Page. How, a boy? why did you miſtake the word?
Slen. No neyther, for I came to her in red as you bad me, and I cried mum, and he cried budget, ſo well as euer you heard, and I haue married him.
Sir Hugh. Ieſhu M. *Slender*, cannot you ſee but marry boyes?
Page. O I am vext at heart, what ſhall I do?
Enter Fenton and Anne Page.
Miſ.Pa. Here comes he that hath deceiu'd vs all,
How now daughter, where haue you bin?
Anne. At Church forſooth.
Page. At Church, what haue you done there?
Fen. Married to me, nay ſir neuer ſtorme,
Tis done ſir now, and cannot be vndone.
Foord. Ifaith M. *Page* neuer chafe your ſelfe,
She hath made her choiſe wheras her hart was fixt,

Then

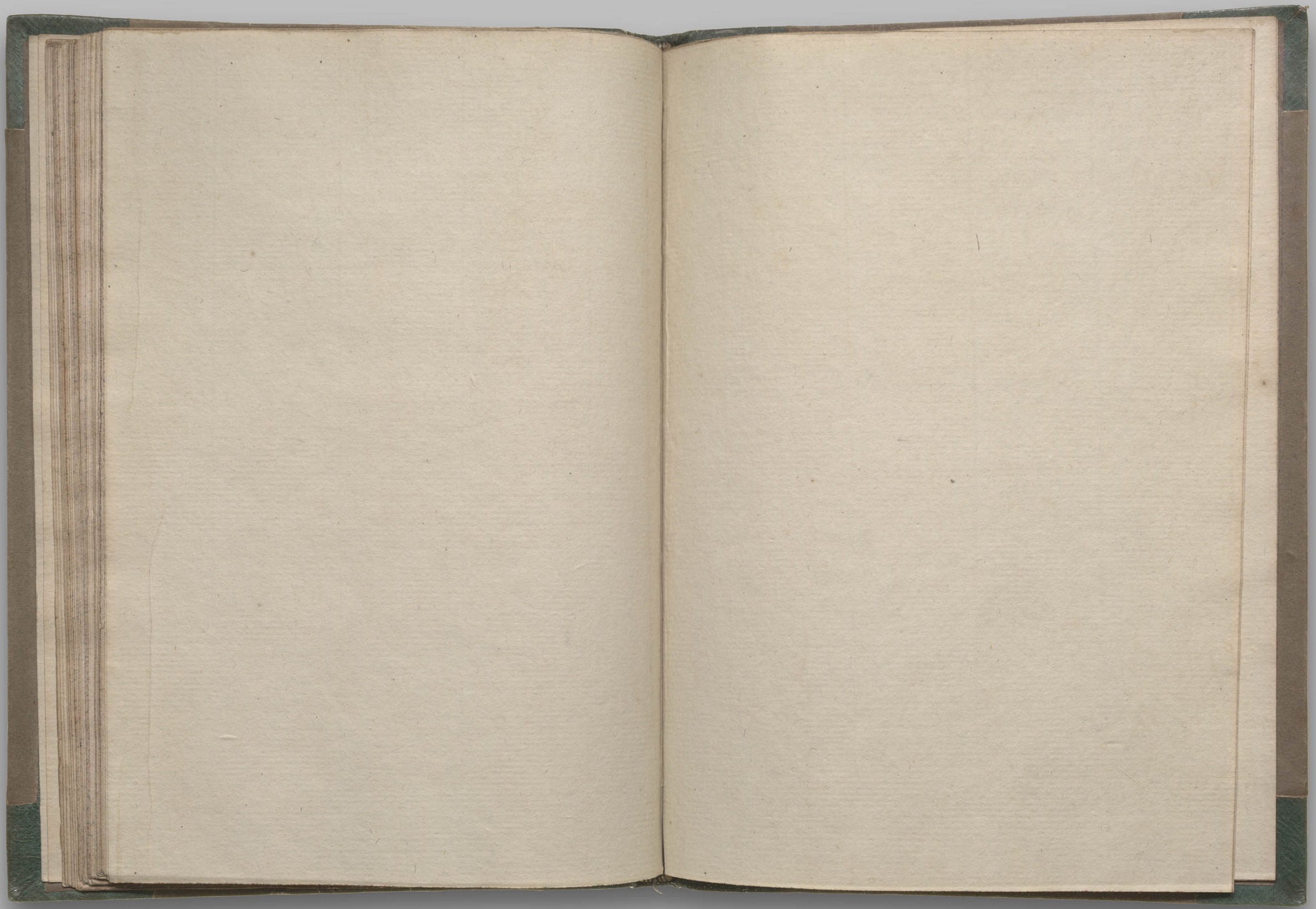
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo

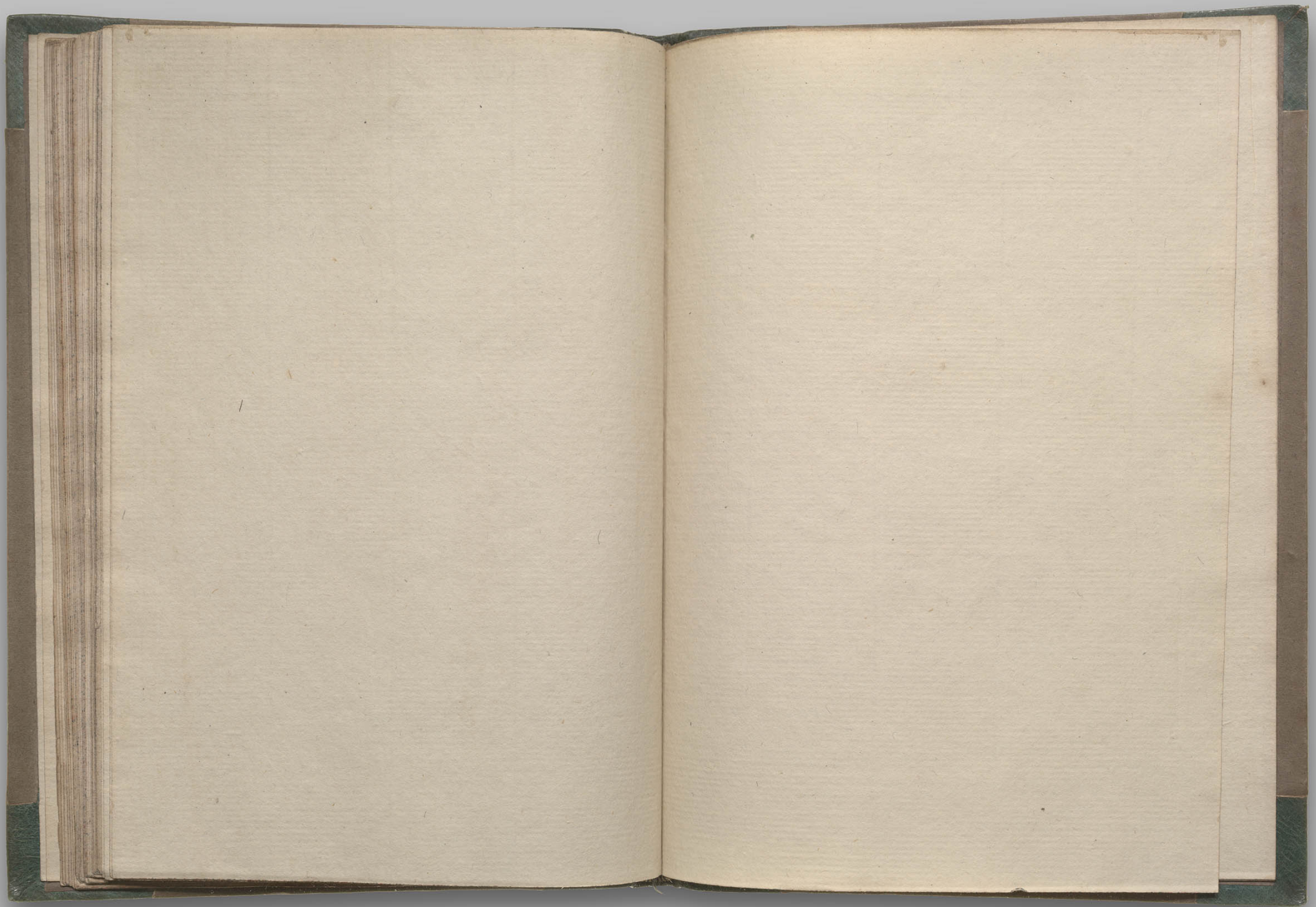
Then tis in vaine for you to ſtorme or fret.
Fal. I am glad yet that your arrow hath glanced.
Miſ: For. Come miſtris *Page*, Ile be bold with you,
Tis pitty to part loue that is ſo true.
Miſ: Page. Althogh that I haue miſſed in my intent
Yet I am glad my husbands match was croſſed,
Here M. *Fenton*, take her, and God giue thee ioy.
Sir Hugh. Come M. *Page*, you muſt needs agree.
For. Ifaith ſir come, you ſee your wife is pleaſed.
Pa. I cannot tell, and yet my hart's well eaſed,
And yet it doth me good the Doctor miſſed.
Come hither *Fenton*, and come hither Daughter,
Go too, you might haue ſtaied for my good will,
But ſince your choiſe is made of one you loue,
Hete take her *Fenton*, and both happy proue.
S. Hugh. I wil dance & eate plums at your wedding.
For: All parties pleaſed, now let's in to feaſt,
And laugh at *Slender*, and the Doctors ieaſt.
He hath got the maiden, each of you a boy
To waite vpon you, ſo God giue you ioy,
And ſir *Iohn Falſtaffe* now you ſhall keep your word,
For *Brooke* this night ſhall lye with Miſtris *Ford*.

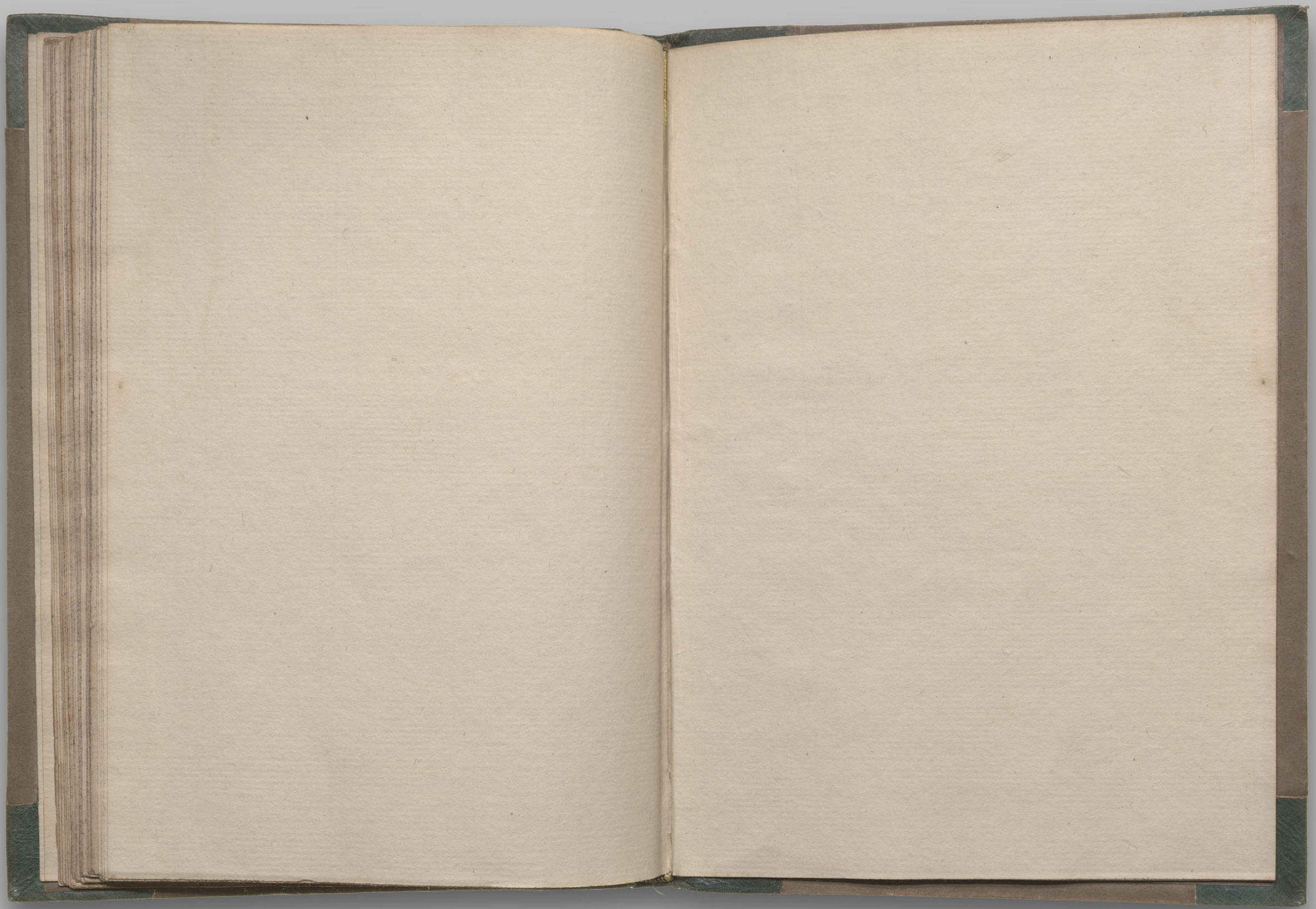
Exit omnes.

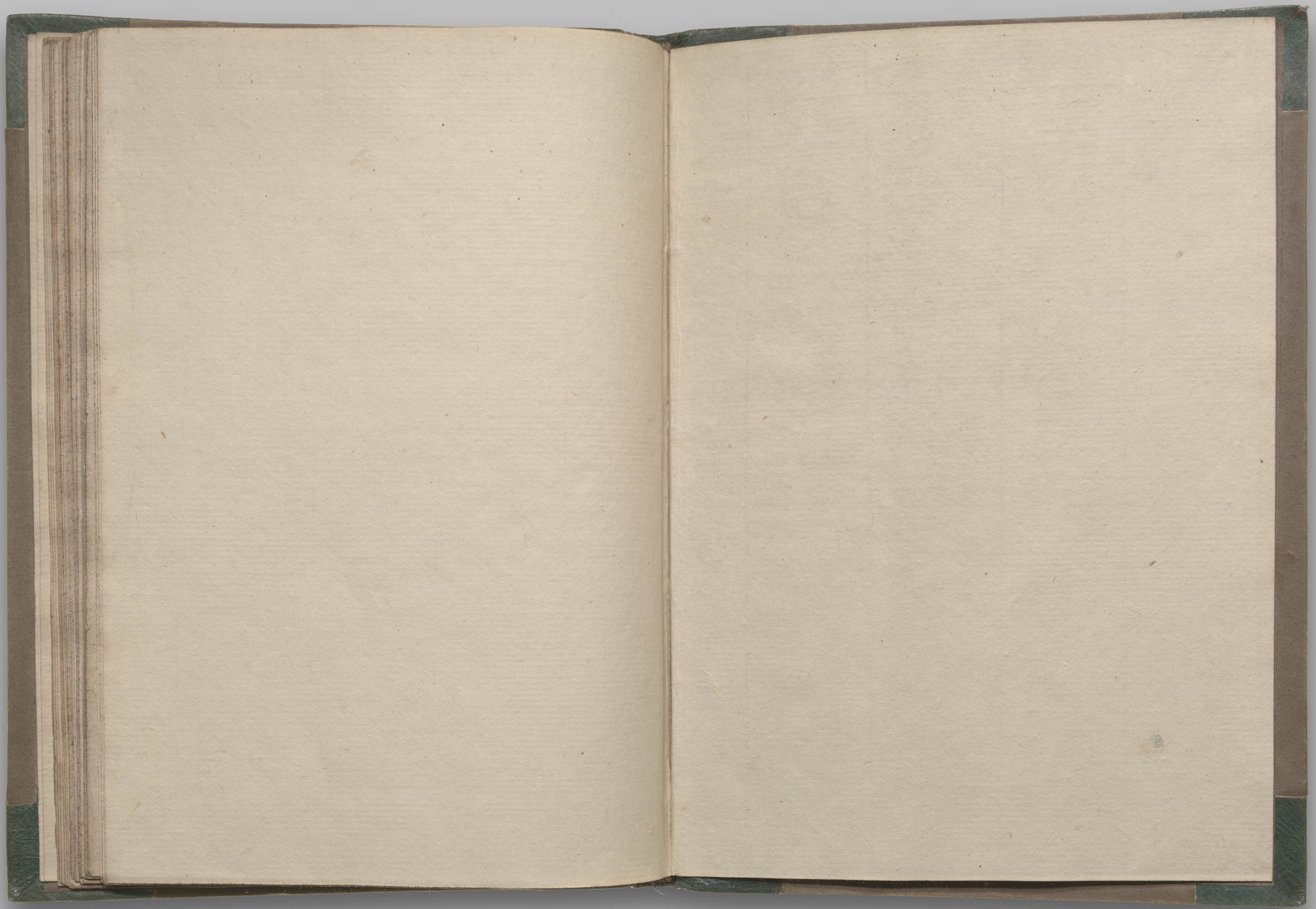
FINIS.

NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND









NATIONAL LIBRARY
OF SCOTLAND

The Bute Collection
of English Plays

Purchased from
Major Michael Crichton-Stuart
of Falkland
3rd April 1956

With the Help of the Pilgrim Trust
and the Friends of the
National Libraries

Bute 498